The pick of the army is wounded; all our generals are off duty. The army of Italy, now a handful of men, is at the last gasp. Joubert, Lannes, Lanusse, Victor, Murat, Chabot, Dupuy, Rampon, Pijon, Chabran, St. Hilaire, are wounded. The few who are left feel death inevitable with such depleted ranks. Perhaps the knell of brave Augereau, of indomitable Massena, of Berthier, my own, is about to ring.

We shall make one last effort.

(To Josephine.) I love you no longer; indeed, I hate you. You are a wicked woman, stupid, tactless, and foolish. You have stopped writing to me; you don't love your husband; you know how much pleasure your letters give him, and you don't write him so much as six haphazard lines.

How is your day spent, madame ? What are the important matters that give you no time to write to your good lover ? What passion stifles the love, the tender and constant love, that you promised him ?

Seriously, I am anxious, dear friend, at not hearing from you. Quick, write me four pages, and some of those sweet things that fill my heart with sentiment and pleasure.

Soon I hope to clasp you in my arms, and to cover you with a million kisses as burning as the equator.

14th, Villafranca: